There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

*Clowne.* I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maſter doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So doe I his.

*Clowne.* And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeare in th'afternoone.

*Shy.* What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I have no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before ſir.
Miſtres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Chriſtian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

*Shy.* What ſayes that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

*Ieſ.* His words were farewell miſtris, nothing els.

*Shy.* The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-ſlow in profit, and he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſt
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde.
A Proverb never ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

*Ieſ.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

*Enter*



*Enter the Maſke*

*Grat.* This is the penthou
Deſired us to make ſtand.

*Gra.* And it is marvell he
For Lovers ever runne befor

*Saler.* O tenne times faſt
To ſeale Loves bonds new m
To keepe obliged faith unfor

*Gra.* That ever holds: v
With that keene appetite tha
Where is the horſe that dot
His teadious meaſures, with
That he did pace them firſt:
Are with more ſpirit chaſed
How like a younger, or a pro
The skarfed Barke puts from
Hugg'd and embraced by the
How like the Prodigall doth
With over-weatherd ribbs a
Leane, rent, and begger'd by

*Enter*

*Saler.* Heere comes *Loren*

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your
Not I, but my affaires, have
When you ſhall pleaſe to pla
Ile watch as long for you the
Here dwels my Father Iew.

*Ieſ.* Who are you? tell m
Albeit Ile ſweare that I doe k

*Lor.* *Lorenſo* and thy Lov

*Ieſ.* *Lorenſo* certaine, and
For who love I ſo much? an
But you *Lorenſo*, whether I

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thou

*Ieſ.* Here catch this Caske
I am glad tis night you doe n
For I am much aſham'd of my

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH